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Art News

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THE OLD TRAMP.

I.

Hello, old blokies, I won't jigger ye,
Ye who [spits] have all been up the big tree,
Just like Yo-k Bob who ne'er worked for a meal,
But allers played foxy [sniggers] and allers did squeal,
For wh-e-ver you be
Follow my philosophy—
All mankind 's a trampin' for boodle and booze!

II.

I'm just out of jail—damn the Alb'ny pen—
Five years a- ridin' 'or killin' a man
Ara'n I can loaf 'ow o'er God's wide earth
'Til for my final doss th-y are fixin' the berth.
For I m' as you see,
True to my philosophy—
All mankind 's a trampin' for boodle and booze!

III.

I once snared a kid, the jolliest lad 'bout;
We went bummin' from drikin' 'bout to bout,
We had our three [spits] square meals ev'ry day,
Our hang-outs with lad's square were sure to begay,
For whoever she'd be,
Followed my philo-sophy—
All mankind 's a trampin' for boodle and booze!

IV.

And if our chuck for beer kegs grew low, [hiccoughs]
My kid hust'd penni-s an hour or so;
For isn't it the nature of each free man
To gather some chuck [sniggers] without work, if he can?
For, as you [hiccoughs] see,
It's my philosophy—
All mankind 's a trampin' for boodle and booze!

V.

Ridin' as dead beats a train one dark night,
The con, scoutin' 'round with his blast'd old light,
Shouted—ye just laid low at some snide place—
For a dime or ne [crunts] would timber my face.
For damn him even he
Followed my philosophy—
All mankind 's a trampin' for boodle and booze!

VI.

"Get out fawny soundrell!" I shrieked with pain,
My kid was fluttin' the con in the rain;
He sru-k gravel—just as the train did start—
The wheels went crunchin' right o'er his young, throbbing heart.
As strange as it could be
Seemed then my philo-sophy—
All mankind 's a trampin' for boodle and booze!

VII.

But my blokies, it's all over and past,
I'll go bummin' 'gaju a long as I last,
Here's all my chuck for a big keg of beer,
We'll drink to all the [spits] tramps of the world good cheer!
For all of us damn me
Follow my philosophy—
All mankind 's a trampin' for boodle and booze!

ONCE upon a time Bronson Howard, the playwright, was an art critic.

THE Paris Salon opens this year on the 20th of April, the Champ de Mars a few days later.

I WISH art dealers would have the ordinary politeness of sending me announcements of their exhibitions.

NINTH Annual Exhibition of the Art Institute of Chicago, April 28th-June 13th. Collection day, April 12th.

THOSE who believe in the renaissance of our industrial arts will find invigorating words of encouragement in Bing's "La Culture en Amérique."

LANDSCAPES of R. L. Pyne are owned by Mr. Skillman, of Jersey City, by the late Mr. John Just, by Messrs. Roger Foster, Baner, Delcove, Delebar and others.

DAVID NEAL, who is painting potboiler portraits in America from time to time, has one of his largeserious pictures, the "Retour de Chasse," at Blakeslee's. It is quite "modern."

C. D. WELDON, at 51 West 10th street, has probably the most important collection of Japanese kakemonos and prints in this country. Visitors, I believe, are welcome on Sunday afternoons.

WHISPERINGS of the Madison Square Tower. "The three disgraces of our contemporary intellectual life are: Richard Hovey the Narcissus, Bliss Carman the Icarus, and Sadakichi Hartmann the Anteros of American literature."

JOHN GELLATLY, of 20 West 21st street, has purchased Ryder's "Flying Dutchman." This gentleman owns some of the best specimens of Dewing's painting; also indulges in Newman's, F. C. Jones' and Barse, Jr.'s. Dewing, Jones and Barse. What a salad!

Nineteenth Exhibition of the Society of American Artists.

FIRST of all, you must pilgrim to George W. Maynard's sporting sea-nymphs. Art only begins with the mediocrity of Maynard's work. It is an indifferent, standard mediocrity, in no way interesting and decidedly commonplace, avoiding any display of extremes, or individuality, which might excite your nerves and cause you to forget your surroundings. It is a complacent, popular American mediocrity. To award to such a picture the Shaw Fund prize is not merely a bad investment for the donor, but a sacrilege committed in the name of art. The jury surely could have selected an artist more worthy of such encouragement. But it probably was Maynard's turn this time, and there is no use of arguing.

Bruce Crane is the winner of the Webb Prize. I had to smile when I found it out. Well, it was probably Bruce Crane's turn, too, and there is no use of arguing. However, in this case the jury was more just. His "Signs of Spring" is, sorry to state, if not the best landscape in the exhibition, at least as good as any of the others. I personally might prefer Appleton Browne's "Autumn on the Merrimac," Ch. M. Young's "Winter," in violet tints, E. W. Redfield's "Edge Hill Valley," and art critic Ben Foster's "Moonshine Mist," or numbers 66, 83, 210, 232, 233, 341,